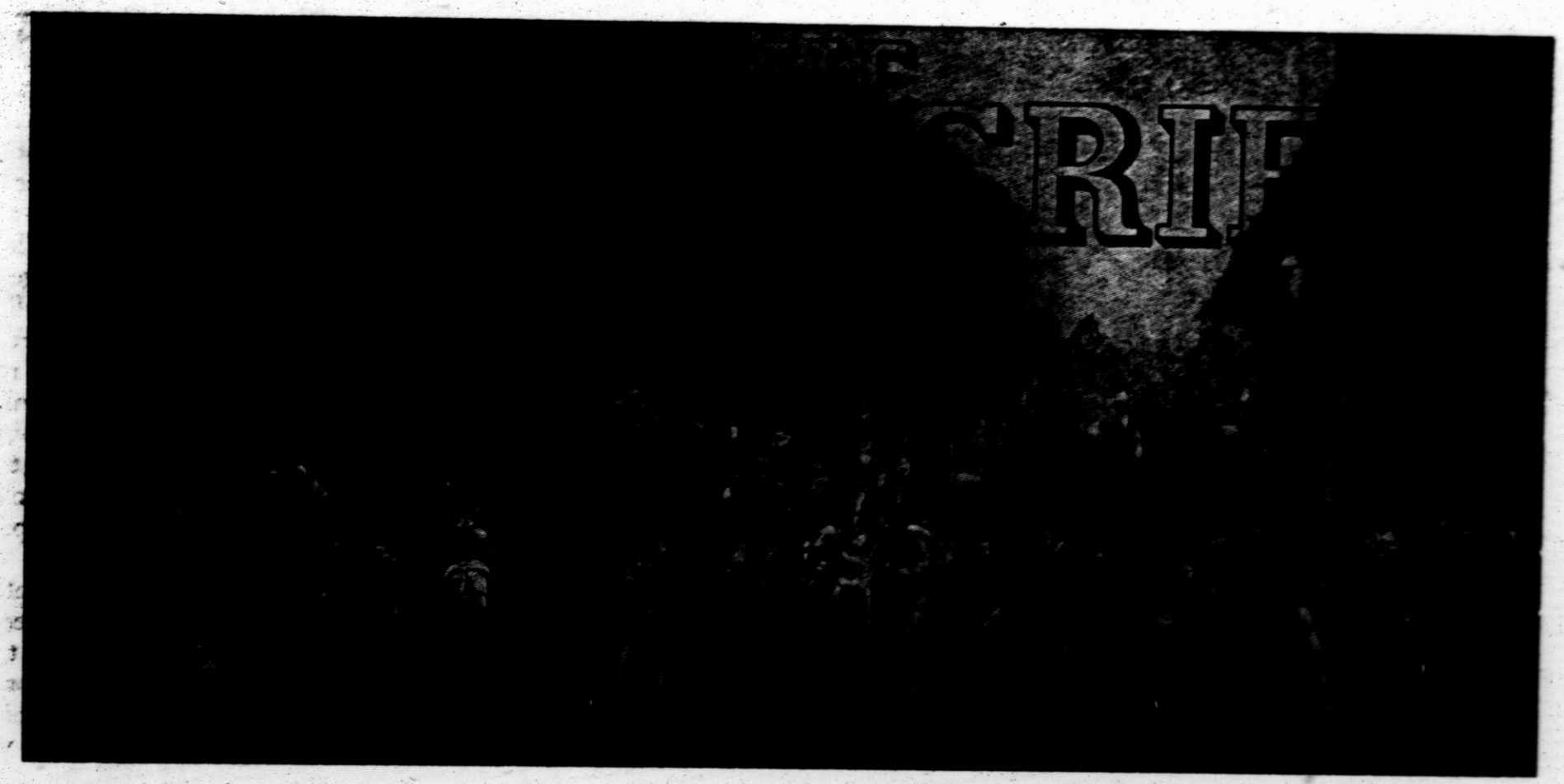


VOL. 2, NO. 15 : AUG. 2, 1934 : TEN CENTS

## A New Promissory Note

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A SHORT STORY
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## Concentrated Wealth

AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND
PAGE SIXTEEN

GEORGE MARION AS FATHER SERRA

PAGEANT NUMBER NEXT WEEK

THE NEWS-MAGAZINE OF THE PENINSULA

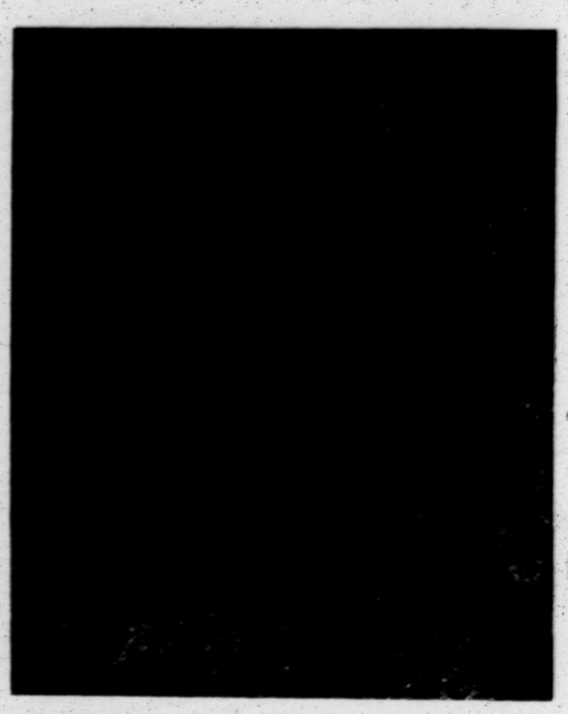
## Editor's Quill

FOR many days now the Crier has made it a point to drop in and talk with the Patriarch of Carmel, who is really one of the youngest men in the community, George Marion. Nothing could be more inspiring to anyone with a love of "good theatre" in their hearts. For to hear George, in that magnificent voice of his, reading the lines he has written to re-create Father Serra in the Pageant this year, is nothing short of excellence. To think that this man, elderly in years perhaps, has enough vitality, good nature and love for his community to put all our more youthful men to shame! Carmel has always resisted Chamber of Commerce efforts. Progress of the Babbitt variety is most certainly not wanted here. To even attempt to imagine the benefits to be derived by the Serra Festival is impossible. Certainly nothing could do more to attract the right kind of people to the community. And all of this, good friends, is directly traceable to the man who made "Old Chris" one of the real cinematic triumphs. George Marion, he of the gnome-like grin, the stentorian voice and the kindly manner, is our Chamber of Commerce. He is doing all this for us, what are we going to do for him? Are we going to do something that would truly please that great heart of his? Let's!

It's not hard to do, and it's so worth while. Every man, woman and child can do it. Let's all get behind the Serra Festival and put it over with a bang? Let's show George that all Carmel appreciates what he is doing—merely writing, directing and acting the show. Of course such boys and girls as Frank Sheridan, Helen Ware and Frederick Burt deserve honorable mention—and they'll get it!—but in the meantime all of us, business men, professional men, newspapermen, should boost the Serra Festival to the sky—for the Serra Festival is the kind of boosting Carmel wants. Next week the TOWN CRIER presents the first of its special numbers, The Serra Issue, dedicated to George F. Marion.

LET'S play postoffice! Now that the boys of the old brigade have blown the party fife and drum and pied pipered the village letter depository up on Ocean Avenue, leaving the Dolores Street boys holding the political sack, let's get this business of patronage straightened out. Many times has this government office journeyed a block or two, hither and yon, to suit the whims of the boys in the back rooms.

With the Republican administration it stayed more or less in one place. But it's under way again now that the Democrats have a chance to play house-mover, thereby alienating one section of the business men against the other. As usual, the Crier has a suggestion, in fact several suggestions. If Uppie Sinclair gets in, soon the whole country will go Socialist, and, to be different, that Party will probably put the postoffice on wheels, and thereby please all the voters. But when the Crier gets elected President, the postoffice will at last come to a safe anchorage. You know that big rock off Pebble Beach yacht harbor? Well . . . —THE EDITOR



PROPOSED PROMISSORY NOTE

FOR Value Received, two years after date (unless (1) the time of payment be extended by law, or (2) the obligation to pay be terminated by act of legislature, or by executive order or unless (3) at the time of maturity thereof the country or locality be suffering from economic depression, low prices for produce, drought, cyclone, fire, pestilence, or unless (4) there shall exist some kind of emergency, declared by act of legislature or executive order to be an emergency) I, we or either of us promise to pay to the order of ..... Dollars ($.....) unless some other form of money be made lawful either by legislative act or executive order, and unless (2) a different amount in dollars, or in some other medium of exchange or currency which shall or may be established by law, or executive order, hereinabove specified, with interest at the rate of..... per cent per annum (unless some other rate be established by law, or by executive order, or unless interest be abolished), payable semi-annually (unless the time of payment be extended or postponed by law or executive order).

The maker, endorsers and guarantors of this note, jointly and severally agree to and with the payee and his assigns, that (1) they will perform as little labor as possible, working not to exceed thirty (30) hours per week; (2) that they will save nothing, but will, for the purpose of giving circulation to money (or whatever may be, by law or executive order, declared to be money) expend promptly all moneys coming into their hands; (3) that they and each of them, for the purpose of bringing back prosperity and promoting recovery will borrow all money which shall or may become available for borrowing to them and each of them, and that they, and each of them, will promptly destroy all produce, livestock, hay, cotton, or other crops (growing or harvested) which might contribute toward an overproduction of such article or articles as government statistics may from time to time indicate, or as may be required by the New Deal, NWA, CWA, NRA, AAA, or any other agency which may from time to time be established by law or executive order. And we and each of us do jointly and severally hereby agree that if this note be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection, or if suit be brought for the collection hereof, that we and each of us, our sons, relatives, and neighbors, will promptly hang or otherwise disable such attorney. It is hereby agreed that an emergency exists, and that we will not pay this note if we don't want to do so, and that we don't want to.

(This form to be used to promote recovery, provide for the circulation of money, and to do away with the out-of-date methods of industry, honesty and thrift; to guard against over-production of pigs, etc., to abolish self-reliance, and to insure the personal popularity of the "New Deal"—especially among dead beats).

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**Application for entry as second class matter is pending.**

# The Professor's Note Book

## THE GREAT SUGAR FACTORY

No, the greatest sugar factory in the world is not at Spreckles or in Cuba or in the Philippines. And the motive force is not supplied by a man-made power company. Nor are there boiling vats and settling tanks and crystallizing and crushing machines covering endless acres. Furthermore, there is no night shift. All is done in the full light of day, and although the curious have peered and pried and tested no one today knows the trade secrets of this company.

Where is this factory? Everywhere that there are green plants and sunlight. Each leaf, each cell of each leaf resembles a home on a Venetian canal. Carbonic acid gas and water are known to enter, sugar and wastes are found to leave, starch may be stored up, while the sun supplies the motive force. Beyond this point all is mystery.

At the surface of the ocean the story is the same. Neglecting the seaweeds fringing the coast, there are countless myriads of microscopic plants, diatoms chiefly, each a floating sugar factory. They serve as the fundamental food supply of the sea. Without them animal life would not last a week. Minute organisms, chiefly shrimp-like creatures, prey upon them and in turn are preyed upon by the sardine and squid. These in turn are devoured by the salmon, for example, which in turn is consumed by man. By land and by sea this and other house-that-Jack-built stories are told every day.

In ancient times these diatoms with their flinty shells flourished in numbers that stagger the imagination. Some of the hills on this peninsula are composed almost entirely of their skeletal remains, four hundred million to the cubic inch. And much more to the point economically, it appears very probable that the tiny traplets of oil their bodies once held have distilled out, and form the oil deposits of the state and motive force of the gas engines symbolic of our restless age. PROF. HAROLD HEATH

❀ ❀

Keep a thing, its use will come.
—Tennyson

DAN CUPID

Mr. Whitmore Waldegrave and Miss Len Shaw will be knotted at ye little Church around Ye Corner of Pacific Grove this Saturday p. m. at 4:23½ Pacific Standard Time in Holy Matrimony. The Crier wishes the young couple many Happy Returns of the Day.

❀ ❀

## ANTI-COMMUNISTS FORM

At a meeting held at the Manzanita Club rooms Monday night of this week, well attended by almost 100 citizens, the organization of Company A, Carmel Unit, was perfected.

This Company, officered by Jo Mora, Captain; Byington Ford, 1st Lieutenant; Willard Whitney, 2nd Lieutenant; Don Hale, 1st Sergeant; Dan Chew, Company Clerk; Frank Murphy, Walter Tuthill, Paul Whitman, Lee Gottfried, Gabriel Burnette, Cree Wilder, Earl Graft, Sergeants; Charles Frost, William Askew, Lynn Hodges, Fred Godwin, Gordon Campbell, Fred McIndoe, Floyd Mangrum, Weaver Kitchen, Fred Leidig, Guy Koepp, Ray Moore, R. B. Stoney, Corporals, was organized to act in conjunction with the police of Carmel as a defensive unit in the event of any threat to the homes or safety of Carmel citizens, and as a semi-military force in combatting treason or any attempt to overcome the government by force.

All of its actions will be taken in an absolutely lawful manner and it will be non-partisan, non-political, and impartial in its activities.

The organization contemplates no active work unless such action is called for, but it is so organized that it can swing into immediate action as a disciplined police authority whenever the need for its services arises.

The Company is organized along military lines and is composed of men from all walks of life and varied occupations from the capitalist to the laborer, all united through a common Americanism and determined that no change shall be accomplished in our form of government by other than the ballot box or other lawful means.

While the settlement of the sympathy strike in San Francisco has removed an immediate cause for action here in Carmel, the Company is prepared for any further danger and will be available for immediate action as a disciplined organization under capable leaders.

The formation of this unit is in line with what is being done elsewhere in other parts of the county, and it should be welcomed by the real citizens of Carmel.

❀ ❀

## COMMUNIST COMMUNIQUE

*To the Town Crier:*

In view of Mr. Edward Kuster's statement in the *Pine Cone* of July 27th the John Reed Club of Carmel can assume no responsibility for the payment of the advertisement of a lecture to have taken place on July 22nd. The bill might be sent to the parties who visited Mr. Edward Kuster.

Mr. Watson—Send bill to Byington Ford, or Capt. Hudgins.
(This note was received unsigned. Ed.)

❀ ❀

## A ONE-EYED KING

*Some politicians criticize*
*An old administration.*
*One of them offered to revise*
*The law of compensation.*
*Constituents he'll always find,*
*By virtue of promising;*
*For in the Kingdom of the Blind*
*A one-eyed moron is King.*

*He is the genus homo whose*
*Pat phrases are prolific*
*About reform, yet he pooh-poohs*
*Processes scientific.*
*Clear thinkers he has oft maligned—*
*Dolts applaud this sort of thing,*
*For in the Kingdom of the Blind*
*A one-eyed moron is King.*

—TOM THIENES

❀ ❀

Little wits triumph over the errors of great geniuses, just as owls rejoice in an eclipse of the sun. —A. de Riverol

# News of the Hamlet

## A GOOD DEED

*Some of you young fellows who want to be writers—would you exchange an hour or so of your time in return for a valuable experience? There is a writer in our town, a fine one, who wants his manuscripts read to him—he can't see—come into the Crier office and we'll tell you about it. It's a grand opportunity.*

—EDITOR

## SEWAGE DISPOSAL

Addressed to "The taxpayers and home owners residing within the limits of the Carmel Sanitary district," the board's announcement is as follows:

"Something must be done regarding the elimination of the present sewage disposal tank, on the beach north of the Carmel river mouth.

"The trustees of your district have the responsibility of doing everything and anything within their power to solve this problem, and make the Carmel sewer system what it should be, safe, efficient, and of such design as to permit of enlargement for future growth. In view of the fact that the voters did not vote the bonds for the plans advocated and still are advocated by your trustees, this notice is directed to all whom it may concern as a request for the submission of proposals for the sewage disposal of Carmel sanitary district. Your trustees request that such proposals be made in writing and in such detail as will make said proposal acceptable for submission to the State Board of Sanitary Engineers.

"All tax payers or home owners within the district are urgently requested to confer with your trustees on the subject of sewage disposal.

"There must be some solution to this problem very shortly."

Members of the sanitary district board are Willard Whitney, chairman; A. T. Shand, secretary; Hugh Comstock, Dr. J. B. McCarthy and F. P. Howard.

## HARD BALL BOYS BATTING

There will be a big ball game in Hatton Fields this Sunday between the Carmel Terrors, an all-star hard ball bunch and the American Legion Juniors, an aggregious aggregate. Gordon Bain is the Captain of the Carmel team, aided and abetted by Johnny Sheridan. These boys have played six significant contests and only lost two. The game will be called at 2 p.m. and the umpire will be called shortly thereafter. Admission is very low as a hat is passed and anything but collar buttons is acceptable to these hardy warriors.

## RODEO FLOATS FINE

Peninsula entries in Saturday night's Colmo Del Rodeo parade at Salinas proved very gratifying.

Monterey American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps won first place, with San Jose and Watsonville, second and third.

Carmel was represented with a beautiful float, a Mission scene depicting the forthcoming Serra Festival, to be held at Carmel Mission this month.

Miss Phyllis Russell, of Douglas School, won high honors in the annual Musical Chairs competition.

## YEAH! SKINNAY! CIRCUS!

Foley and Burk's circus opened Wednesday for a four day stand in Monterey. The show, travelling in twenty-five cars, brings to Monterey the latest and most glamorous assortment of entertainment known to the circus world.

## RECORD CROWD HERE

A crowd estimated at 5000 spent this weekend on the Monterey Peninsula. Every available room in Carmel hotels was taken and not a few of the visitors were forced to return to their homes when local accommodations were exhausted.

## FARM NEWS

Loans to farmers and stockmen for the purchase of feed, or seed for forage crops are now available in counties which have been designated as "emergency" areas. These loans will be made from funds appropriated under an Act of Congress approved June 19, 1934.

Loans will be administrated by the Emergency Crop Loan section of the Farm Credit Administration, and will be made to applicants who because of drought do not have necessary feed to maintain their livestock, and must buy feed or produce a forage crop, and who have not the funds or available credit to obtain such feed or undertake the production of a forage crop.

The amount loaned to purchase feed for livestock will be limited to a maximum for each head and loans for production of forage crops will be limited to a maximum amount per acre, such loan limits being determined according to the cost of feed or the cash cost of growing forage crops in the various drought areas. The mimimum amount of a loan or advance is $25.00 for either purpose. Loans will not be made to purchase feed for livestock acquired since April 1, 1934. Loans will be made for the purchase of feed for poultry in drought designated areas.

Security for the drought relief loans will consist of the borrower's promissory note accompanied by a non-disturbance agreement signed by each chattel mortgage lien holder, except where the lien holder is a production credit association, regional agricultural credit corporation, Federal land bank, the Secretary of Agriculture, of the Governor of the Farm Credit Administration.

In announcing these unusually liberal security arrangements, which do not require borrowers from the drought relief fund to give chattel mortgages or waivers, Governor Meyers stated that all loans will be advanced in monthly installments in amounts sufficient to feed the approved number of livestock for one month. Further advances will not be made to any borrower who fails to observe good faith by encumbering his livestock, feed, or crops, or by waiving his right to them after he has obtained a drought relief loan or advance.

The promissory notes given by borrowers as security for drought relief loans will mature November 1, 1935, with interest at the rate of 5½ per cent per annum. Interest on the loan until maturity will not be deducted at the time the loan is made.

Loans will not be made to applicants whose principal business is the commercial feeding and fattening of livestock for market, nor to any applicant which is a corporation, unless its principal business is farming. Loans may not be made for purchase of feed for livestock or for producing forage crops outside the designated emergency drought areas, nor for feed for livestock that have been moved into a drought area since April 1, 1934.

Those living in Monterey County who wish to apply for these drought feed loans will find the necessary application forms at The State Emergency Relief Administration, Courthouse Annex—Salinas, California.

Last Thursday night Fran Conlon gave another delightful cocktail party at his home in Pebble Beach. Among those present from Carmel were Anna and Jane Eagal, Tommy Tooker and George Aucourt.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Allen Van Fleet and her two daughters, Frances and Louise, and son, Allen, left Tuesday for their home in San Francisco, after spending six weeks in Carmel. The Misses Frances and Louise have been very active among the Carmel younger set.

❀ ❀

The final R. O. T. C. dance was given at Hotel Del Monte early last week. Many Carmel girls attended, the orchestra was excellent, and a full moon topped the occasion. Seen dancing were Beverly and Joan Tait, Louise Van Fleet, Florence Brown, Jean Leidig, Shirley Hoffman, Jane Hopper, Connie Elston, Sally Fry, Eleanor Watson, Jessie and Ellen Brown and Sue Brownell. After the dance Miss Jane Hopper gave one of her popular parties and many of the girls seen at the hotel were present.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. Pride from Piedmont and their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Herner also from Piedmont, stopped at the home of Mrs. Julius Hancock at the Highlands last weekend.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Eleanor Yates of the Game Cock is now spending a few days in San Francisco.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Guggenheim and her daughter from New York left Tuesday after spending a short time at Hotel Del Monte. They have been vacationing in Coronado and are on their way home.

❀ ❀

Jack Eagal, Sr. and Jr. who are frequent weekend visitors in Carmel came last weekend from Stockton to see their family on the Carmel Point.

Many visitors have been staying at Hotel La Ribera for the past week. Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruckman of Fresno, Mrs. Adele V. N. Clark of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Kaufmann, Mr. and Mrs. J. McGarif of Los Angeles, Mrs. James Carson of San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. L. Bloomfield of San Francisco, Mrs. C. K. Bennett and family of San Mateo, Miss B. Bennett of Oakland, Mr. S. R. Dishman of Oakland, Mrs. Leslie M. Huggins of Berkeley, Mrs. Mary E. Lamb of Palo Alto, Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Casey of San Francisco, Misses J. Fenton and Campbell of Oakland, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Salomon of San Francisco, Miss B. Bonnett of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. May and daughter, of Beverly Hills.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Van Loben Sels and her daughter and Miss Ellen Clark are staying for the remainder of the summer in one of Mrs. Howe's cottages. Miss Jean Altman also from Piedmont is now visiting them. Mrs. Van Loben Sels, who is a famous pianist, is well-known around the Bay region.

❀ ❀

Staying at the Highlands for a month are several Pi Beta Phi's from the University of California. They are Misses Margaret Black, Helen Leach, Barbara Clark and Eleanor Hunt.

❀ ❀

The Misses Ellen and Jessie Brown gave a beach picnic on the Carmel Point last Thursday night in honor of their house guests, Misses Betty and Jane La Salle. Among the guests were Jane Hopper and Eleanor Walsh and a group of Carmel boys.

❀ ❀

John Merritt and Ed Seville from Berkeley returned on Monday to spend a week in Carmel. They were down here for a month recently and expected to go to Tahoe but decided to spend the rest of their vacation here.

❀ ❀

As usual there was a large crowd dancing on Saturday night at Del Monte. Del Monte is a great asset to the whole peninsula and is certainly enjoyed by the Carmel younger set. Carmelites seen among the crowd were Moira Wallace, Kay Murphy, Shirley Hoffman, Barbara Joyce, Vera Hunter, Lou Jones, Harold and Walter Neilsen, Clinton Warren, Joe Schoeninger, Bob Smith, Dan Chew and Disbrow Johnson.

Charlotte Lawrence, who is a well-known member of the younger set, sailed on July 29 for the Hawaiian Islands.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann have returned from their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe and are planning to live at Mrs. Wurzmann's studio. Mrs. Wurzmann is the former Marjorie Legge of Berkeley.

❀ ❀

Miss Wanda Van Dyke and her sister, Mary Caroline, from Piedmont are staying in Carmel for two weeks at the Reamer's on the Carmel Point.

❀ ❀

Ralph Schroeder with his younger brother, from Oakland, former residents of Carmel, visited here over the weekend.

❀ ❀

Miss Helen Louise Newman is spending the weekend at "Marcheta," Hill's Corners.

❀ ❀

Clinton J. Warren (of the Boston Warrens) left Monday for his home in Coronado where he will join his fiancee, and make plans for their marriage in the early Fall. Good luck.

❀ ❀

Disbrow J. Johnson (Rockne speed-demon) went to San Francisco Monday to (quoting Dibs) "Redhot the Town."

❀ ❀

Miss Dorothy Ward after spending six weeks in Carmel has returned to her home in San Francisco. The village will miss you Dorothy and please come back in the Fall.

—Bob Smith

❀ ❀

## RODEO CROWD THRONGS

According to Lewis Swanson, not since the Quatze Arts Ball or the biggest New Year's have Hermann's done such rushing business as they did Saturday night after the rodeo. What a crowd!

❀ ❀

## SERVING SUPER-SERVICE

"Richardson's Service" is not a slogan, it's a fact. The popular service station of that name is now doing a land office business in lubrication at the corner of San Carlos and Seventh. It will pay you to drive in there and give them a chance to prove it to you.

# Heir O' the Dog

A SHORT STORY

The Heir saw him first. Cringing under the mud guard of a parked car on Hollywood boulevard. The Consort, (pet name for the wife,) commanded me to stop our flivver chariot and effect a rescue. I dragged him out by the scruff of his neck. The Heir stretched his chubby arms out to him and said, in English as good as that spoken by some of our foreign movie stars, "Dok! Dok!"

So, after a bath in the laundry tub, a conference was held to determine the ancestry, if any, of *Dok*. I held out for a cross between a tom cat and a rabbit, but I was pooh-poohed and informed that he was a remarkable hybrid of fox terrier and Boston bull. I admitted the bull and for my wit was delegated to let the mutt sleep on my bed, if it should turn cold in the night. I may say that it not only turned cold but it practically turned me out of my downy cot by snuggling under the blankets and edging me out onto the floor with its incessant wriggles. This constituted good behavior to the Consort and from then on *Dok* was allowed to sleep at the foot of the Heir's crib. You would have thought he had been made head dog in Paradise after that. Despite his tiny size, he would fly at anyone not authorized to lift up the mosquito netting covering his Highness' sleeping quarters. And as for the Heir, it soon became apparent that he would not even consider going to sleep unless *Dok* was there in bed.

I have had a good many mongrel curs in my time and I have liked them all, but *Dok* became an integral part of my two-year-old son. At the time I was working on the continuity of one of Hollywood's "super supe" animal pictures, the greater effort of a series of efforts on the part of our studio to top the other studios' realism. We had had two companies in Africa shooting exterior scenes and attempting to coerce lions and tigers into camera range. Either the director was too concerned with the safety of his hide or Africa was out of wild animals at the time, for he returned with only the conventional stuff of native dances that we could have clipped from any news reel. By this time we had finished all the studio interiors and the picture lacked a big animal punch for its release. After a week or two of departmental and inter-departmental conferences, it was decided to run down the coast to Mazatlan and take some lions from our local lion farm on location and make our African stuff in old Mexico. The Big Chief ordered me to go along, presumably to write the lion's conversation.

I welcomed the opportunity for two reasons, one, it would enable me to stop at Don Duncan's rancho, and two, it would be a short and pleasant trip on which to take the Consort and the Heir. They were overjoyed. My wife had gone to school with Don Duncan's wife and there was two years of gossip to go over since they had last seen each other. "And won't it be fun to see how *Dok* likes the great open spaces?" said the Consort.

"*Dok?*" I said, "you don't mean to tell me we're going to take that prime nuisance on a big game hunting trip, do you?"

What's the answer? With a steward carrying our bags, my wife lugging my portable typewriter, and me with a twenty-five pound infant under one arm and a two by two pup under the other, each trying to get loose and taking nips out of me by way of practice, we made a pretty picture ascending the gang plank.

I pass quickly over the voyage down. Neither the Heir nor his lieutenant *Dok* fell overboard, although I still don't understand why not. Don Duncan met us and by the time we drove to his beautiful hacienda, it was time for the studio to look for another continuity writer, Dunc was tickled to death to see us, and both the Heir and *Dok* went right to him. He's a fine fellow, Dunc, and a great hand with horses and dogs and people in general. He's an outdoors man, whilst I'm a typewriter slave with a pale face—nowadays, at any rate. The company was using the jungle that runs through the southern portion of Don Duncan's several thousand acre ranch for its Little Africa. They made camp down there for the forty or fifty Central avenue cannibals and the six lions that we had rented.

We still had the same director that had been to Africa, and he wore his Safari kit, much to the amusement of Duncan, who had been over there with Akeley. I will say this, however, that if Duncan had known why the studio had come way down to Mazatlan to shoot their jungle scenes, he wouldn't have been so amused. Neither would I. It seems there is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the States and none, at least not active, in Mexico. But the director hadn't reckoned on Don Duncan, who laid off working on his planting long enough to watch the "movies" at work. The girls came down to the jungle too, and of course, the Heir and his ever present *Dok*. The lions were in stout bamboo cages near the river bank. Grass huts had been constructed and the blacks had their war paint on. The action called for the lions to make a raid on the native village and terrorize the blacks. Then our hero, who was being held preparatory to furnishing the tribe with a bit of white meat, looses his bonds and routs the lions with a tommy hawk or what have you, and becomes vice-president and general manager of the tribe, instead of a cause of dyspepsia. It was tripe and I wrote it, but if I had written anything sensible, I would have lost my job. The director assigned us a platform in a tree out of range of the camera and climbed into a high one himself. The trainers slipped the ropes that held the cage doors shut and made for their own perch of safety. None of us knew, including the blacks and the fellow who doubled for the hero, that by the director's orders, those lions hadn't been fed since they left Hollywood. They left no doubt in any one's mind as they roared out of their cages and entered the native village, where several carcasses of freshly killed beef had been hidden in the huts. The poor colored fellows didn't know about the beef and thought sure that those lions craved dark meat. I don't think some of those cannibals have stopped running yet. And the hero's double, instead of slaying the man-eaters with a dirty look or the jaw bone of an ass, or whatever I wrote into the story, he beat it up the only empty tree left.

About this time, after rolling safely around the decks of an ocean going steamship, the Heir has to slip out of his mother's grasp and land comfortably in a small hay mow that was representing a cannibal hut. If you want to know my feelings, picture the situation. Dunc and I were in the same tree platform as the director. Mrs. Duncan and my wife were across from us. The baby was down there with six lions, that no matter how tame they were when they left Hollywood, were damned hungry right now.

The Consort fainted, Mrs. Duncan screamed, I cussed some pretty blue cuss words. The fool director called "camera." Dunc jumped from the tree with a tremendous leap and landed at the doorway of the grass hut. I was pretty close behind him. I saw five lions, eating peacefully enough. But where was the sixth? A growl came from the entrance of the hut. I give Duncan plenty of credit for not stopping to analyze it, he piled right in. I grabbed for a rifle. Dunc came out of the hut. He had the Heir safe in his

(*Continued on page fifteen*)

# Book Reviews

Asia is well represented on the September list of E. P. Dutton and Company. On the 14th of the month this firm will publish "The Message of Asia," by Paul Cohen-Portheim, and "Buddhists and Glaciers of Western Tibet," by Giotto Dainelli. The Cohen-Portheim book, which aims to sum up the meaning of Asia for the Westerner, is divided into three parts: "Life of the Nations," "Life of Art" and "Life of the Spirit." Professor Dainelli's book is the record of a journey of exploration into the mighty Karakorum region of Western Tibet. On September 26th will appear "Tents in Mongolia (Yabonah): Adventures and Experiences Among the Nomads of Central Asia," by Henning Haslund. The author is described as an adventurous young Dane, although the book is translated from the Swedish. In Scandinavia this book has become a best seller, and it is being translated in seven countries.

❀ ❀

Emanie Sachs, who for the past three years has been working on an interpretative history of Kentucky, has collected nearly three cubic feet of notes and a tentative title—"United We Fall." She has just finished the actual writing of her first chapter and is about to start down to Kentucky to see the excavations of pre-Indian relics at Wickliffe and to gather further material for bringing the book down to the present day. That should add another foot or two to those notes from the Congressional Library, the various university libraries, the New York Public Library and all the principal libraries in Kentucky.

❀ ❀

Luis Trenker, hero of the "Doomed Battalion," and star of other remarkable mountain films, writes the story of his life as guide, soldier and star in "Brothers of the Snow" which E. P. Dutton and Company published. His book consists of sketches of incidents and characters encountered in a many-sided career, some of the most interesting of which occured in the mountain campaigns during the Great War. Mr. Trenker served not only on the Russian front, but on the heights between Laverone and Asiago, in the Dolomites and in the Adamello region. In his book he relates many stirring and terrible stories of the dangerous engagements on mountain tops and of his life in pinnacled fortresses.

❀ ❀

In the review of G. E. Owst's "Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England," which appeared in our issue of July 1, the price of the book was given as $8. The Macmillan Company, which published the book, informs us that the price was $8 at one time but that it is now $10.

❀ ❀

Miss Ida M. Mellen, 523 Sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is preparing a life of Major André from fresh material gathered in this country and abroad, and she will greatly appreciate the courtesy if any of our readers will extend the privilege of viewing mementos or having photostats made of documents in their possession which relate in any way to the days of André in America.

❀ ❀

Before her recent illness, Marie Dressler completed her autobiography, which is to be published serially in the *Red Book* Magazine, beginning in the September issue.

❀ ❀

Sven Hedin's sister and biographer, Alma Hedin, writes to his publishers, E. P. Dutton and Co., that her brother fully expected the trouble he ran into in Sinkiang as reported by press dispatches July 11 and 12. She says:

"He has met with his life's greatest and most thrilling adventures. We have had news from him only the other day about how he and his companions had come just where the civil war in Sinkiang, the westernmost province of China, was at its height. The rebels tried to get hold of the expedition's cars, one of them a gift from Edsel Ford. When my brother did not agree, he had three of his men roughly treated and threatened with death. It is perfectly marvelous that they were allowed to live. At another occasion about 100 soldiers surrounded their cars and shot about 50 shots without hitting anybody. When the Government troops came and forced the rebels, 90% robbers, to retire, they had aeroplanes with bombs which exploded around my brother and his men, one explosion only 100 meters from their house. You understand how happy and grateful we are that the expedition members, as well as all the cars, are safe and in the best condition, and that they can go on with their task."

Dr. Hedin's capture by bandits in Sinkiang is his second adventure of this kind. He has spent a lifetime in opening Central Asia to the white race. He is now 69 years old. His books, "Across the Gobi Desert," "Jehol," "City of Emperors," "Riddles of the Gobi Desert" and "A Conquest of Tibet," released for publication Monday, July 16, tell the story of his explorations in that part of the world.

Dr. Sven Hedin's new book, "A Conquest of Tibet," is the principal July selection of the Scientific Book Club. It was published Monday, July 16, by E. P. Dutton and Company.

❀ ❀

## NAVAJO LORE

Much of the lore of the Navajos finds its way into Dane Coolidge's new thriller, "Silver Hat," which E. P. Dutton and Company published July 20th. Mr. Coolidge reports that his friend, Long Moustace, a Navajo medicine man and star-gazer, gave him the secret lore which enlivens his tale. That a Navajo star-gazer can locate lost objects has been shown again and again Mr. Coolidge says in talking about his book. "Over the point of a perfectly formed rock crystal, which he considers a fallen star, the star-gazer will look intently at the sun or at a certain star until, in a vision, he sees lost objects or reads the fate of those who are sick. For the equivalent of one sheep," says Mr. Coolidge, "professional star-gazers will locate lost horses with great accuracy, and many white traders employ them to recover goods when their stores have been robbed."

❀ ❀

London—"Anthony Adverse," Hervey Allen's marathon novel, is likely to provide the longest picture ever screened, in a forthcoming film adaptation of the story, the idea being to present it in two installments of more than 10,000 feet each.

❀ ❀

London—The first print of "Nell Gwynn," British and Dominions' film production of the famous episode in Pepys' Diary, is now in America, it was announced by Herbert Wilcox, production head of the film company.

# Three Hours Credit

A SHORT STORY BY SEYMOUR WINSLOW

*(Continued from last week)*

(PART 6)

"Oh, certainly! And they also dreamed that Spencer Boyd left the hotel. And that he took the evening train for Boston. And that she's still here." Kay's eyes swept the beach with the searching vision of a fishhawk.

Punt looked around, too. Wherever Veronica was, she hadn't showed today. He knew it was true that Spence Boyd nad left Quantogue. But the story about a quarrel was just tripe. It went to show what rot a bunch of women could dish up amongst 'em. With a clank, the mechanism of the trench-digger came back into line. Punt set it on the sand and gave it a trial: It would work until the next time Toby or Tibby went after it with rocks, He started away.

"Wait, Punt!" Kay halted him. "Somebody over there I've got to see." She darted off to intercept an inflated woman in a purple suit, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, shrieking back: "Watch the kids, Punt. Just a sec."

Toby and Tibby began beating his thighs with their fists and chanting: "Lift me! Lift me!"

He lifted Tibby first, cupping his hands beneath the angle of her small bent elbows, pushing her high above his head and lowering her to the sand like a thistle-down, making her silky hair float out in a halo. Next came Toby. While Toby was up, Tibby decided to be a turtle, and started on hands and knees for the water. Punt ran after her. He got back in time to pluck Toby from the middle rung of his ladder. Punt set him down beside the trench-digger, and tried to sell him the idea of a ditch that would run all the way back to the bathhouses.

It was as he persuasively directed Toby's attention to the possible far terminus of such a ditch that Punt caught first sight of Veronica Boyd. He had to look twice to be sure it was she. Veronica seemed changed. Her shoulders drooped; she walked abstractedly. She was skirting the upper edge of the beach, making a wide circuit out around the scattered clots of sunners as if purposely avoiding them. Punt thought of Kay Keating's talk. Veronica must have heard that people were gabbling about her. It was enough to make anyone dodge the whole catty crew. A damn shame.

But there was something else different about Veronica today. She didn't have her sunshade nor the backrest nor a book. It looked as if she didn't expect to be there long. Probably she'd just come down to take a look-around for her ring. Punt wished he could leave the twins for a minute to skip over and tell her he had it.

No chance. Tibby, he discovered, was all set to pour a bucket of sand into Mrs. Lillibridge's food hamper. There was a piece of pie in that hamper for Punt. He'd been thinking of it with increasing interest for the past half hour. He grabbed Tibby barely in time to prevent vandalism and in reply to Mrs. Lillibridge's bright welcoming cry he told her he'd be back for the pie after a while.

Carrying Tibby under one arm Punt caught a second glimpse of Veronica Boyd. She had kept steadily on; she passed the place where she usually camped. She was swinging over toward the water at a point beyond the last bather. Punt had a notion to shout his news to her but just at that moment Toby, impersonating a truck going through a flooded underpass, splashed honking into a land-locked pool. At its center he tripped and went flat, face downward. Punt leapt for a towel and was busy for a long minute cleaning him up under Tibby's supervision—"Wyuntyu look in his ears, Punt?"

Across the top of Toby's wiry head Punt found Veronica Boyd again. She had entered the water. She was knee-deep now, and wading further out. Her face was straight ahead. There was a sort of desperation about the way she kept on. Well, like a person in a hurry to get wet all over quickly when the water was cold. A lot of women were that way about getting in. Dreaded it.

Veronica didn't have her water-wings so she couldn't be going to try any swimming. She wouldn't go further than

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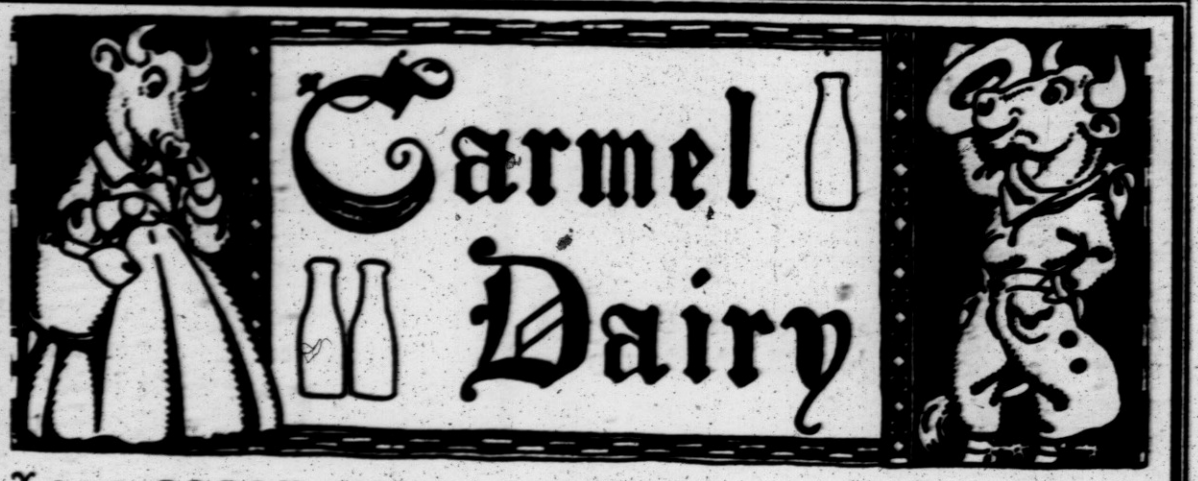

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waist-deep without them. Too timid. So she'd be back directly—be back before Punt could get rid of these kids. Toby and Tibby, using Punt's arms as the spokes of a playground rotary swing, spun him round and round. "Life guard to a kindergarten!" he grumbled.

Something telepathic—some racing psychic thing of the ether—a sudden intangible apprehension swept the beach. It hushed voices; it jerked faces seaward; it yanked recumbent figures upright. It whirled Punt about toward the water; tensed his body to a single muscular unit. He knew, as every person on the beach knew with an immediate knowledge, that someone was in trouble out there. It was as if a great invisible wing had dipped close above them all, its pinions fanning the earth with a chilling, unfelt wind.

In the first moment Punt could see no one beyond the waders in the shallows. They stood now in the unnatural attitudes of figures on a halted movie film. Then, at the edge of that choppy band of green water a red dot appeared—Veronica's red bathing cap! It was there, then gone again; flung upward, sucked downward. The spell was broken. People screamed and ran back from the sea. The sea, all at once, was a malign, carnivorous monster.

Punt neither heard nor saw any of that. Veronica Boyd was out there, caught in that fast-running current. He flung himself across the sand, charged into the surf. He plunged on until the water threw him. Then, launching himself, he surged onward, arms lifting, sinking—an arrow of foam. He knew too well that in that riptide it would be mere luck if he located Veronica. What, in God's name, had made her go out so far? A person can get wet all over in two feet of water.

The pull against his body told him he had reached the edge of the current. He reared up, looked around. Nothing. Nothing. The way things were Veronica might not come up again at all unless he brought her up. With a flip he headed downwards. Like an agile, swift-going sea animal he ranged from surface to ocean floor and back again; twisting, groping, his fingers clutching for whatever they might find. They found nothing.

Up for air. Punt treaded high, revolving. No flash of red. No sign. But as he hung there, pulling in oxygen, a hand with convulsive fingers rose and disappeared again twenty feet away. He thrashed toward the spot, submerged, took a zig-zag submarine course through the hugging, pressing, dark, reaching, searching. His lungs were going to burst. He'd have to go after more air. At once.

His foot touched something. That was flesh! He doubled back. She was near him there, somewhere. Empty water—empty water. Next, he had her. His hand clamped round her upper arm as she rolled away from him along the weedy bottom. Gripping her, he kicked downward. Together, through a year of time, they came to the surface.

*(To be continued next week)*

New York—Martinez Sierra, Spanish playwright, author, editor and publisher, on his way to Hollywood to supervise the production of films, had a kind word for American journalism. The journalistic tendency in modern writing is not hurting literature, he said. "Journalistic writing can be very fine, and much of it is, especially in America. It is better here than anywhere else."

❀ ❀

If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of a high order may justify us in speaking our thoughts.

—Burke

❀ ❀

There is more profit in a dozen verses by Homer of Virgil than in all the criticisms which have been written on those two great men. —Voltaire


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# The Theatre

KUSTER

Two important attractions at the Playhouse this weekend will provide exceptional entertainment for the summer guests in Carmel. On Friday and Saturday evenings the Golden Bough Players will present their beautiful production of Maurice Browne's ballad-play, "The Mother of Gregory," with which this group under the direction of its founder, Edward Kuster, recently captured first honors in the competitive tournament of the Northern California Drama Association at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. Not only did the Association, comprising forty-five groups, award the winner's plaque to the Golden Bough Players, but Claude La-Belle, the caustic dramatic critic on the San Francisco *Daily News*, paid the director the compliment of declaring that his productions have been the only important non-commercial productions seen in and around the Bay region in years.

It was with "The Mother of Gregory" that Kuster first opened the noted Theatre of the Golden Bough ten years ago. The play's repetition at this time is announced as a first step toward restoring stage plays to that fine theatre, exclusively a movie house since the beginning of the depression. Capacity audiences are expected to welcome the Carmel players on the bringing home of this prize production, which San Franciscans enjoyed as a moving and thrilling experience in the theatre.

Kuster's career in the theatre, both as actor and director, is said to have virtually begun at Carmel's Forest Theater fourteen years ago. Since then he has enacted more than fifty character and leading parts, culminating in his recent role of *George Simon* in "Counsellor-at-Law." He has directed scores of plays in his own theatres. Though achieving his greatest recent successes in San Francisco, in Carmel his "Beggar on Horseback," "The Thripny Opera" and "They Knew What They Wanted" are still reckoned among the best of local productions. Those who attended "The Mother of Gregory" in San Francisco say that in this production the Golden Bough group have topped even the Maurice Browne production of the play, with the celebrated Ellen Van Volkenburg in the title role, made ten years ago.

The other Playhouse event, also of major importance, is the dance program of Caroline (King Lan) Chew, the beautiful young Chinese dancer, on Sunday night, August 5th. This latest sensation of the dance world, with her inheritance of high Chinese culture and her Occidental training with the best masters, will offer a fascinating program of exotic and poetic dances and impressions.

Tickets for both these attractions will be on sale daily in the Court of the Golden Bough, in front of the motion picture theatre.

❀ ❀

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. —Shakespeare


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## FOREST THEATER

Forest Theater workers are rapidly dividing into two groups; one being busy with the "Dumb Wife" and the other plans for the Carmel Country Fair.

Bert Heron is now casting the roles for Anatole France's "The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife," which will be produced on August 16, 17, and 18, at the Forest Theater. "Artistic and amusing at the same time" said the New York critics. Those adapted to light comedy roles are requested to see Mr. Heron in the afternoons in the Seven Arts building.

Lita Bathen is active with plans for the Carmel Country Fair to be given August 31 and September 1 at the Forest Theater. Those with ideas for stunts or "concessions" should submit them to her. The fair is for all Carmel "to be entertaining or entertained," an all day and evening frolic both days.

❀ ❀

Munich—This year's festival will be marked by a performance of the "Rhinegold," fully realizing the ideas of Wagner for this opera for the first time. With the aid of a projection apparatus the Rhine, followed by the rest of the upper world, will sink from sight. Alberich will be transformed into a cloud through the agency of a steam engine, under the cover of whose clouds of steam he will walk off-stage.

❀ ❀

London's tiniest theatre—it has been in existence only a few weeks—is called "The Parody." It occupies a disused stable near Regent Street and has been equipped at a total cost of £200. An audience of seventy-five fills the house. So far the theatre is specializing in intimate revue, but more ambitious efforts may follow later.

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## CINEMATIC TRUTH

Decency is something the mothers of Carmel demand. Decency is what they insist be portrayed on the screens of the theatres their children attend. And, by judging from the numerous letters commending the TOWN CRIER'S truth telling movie reviews, decency is what Carmel is going to get. *If we all have to have a stock company open at the local playhouse to give us clean plays in their stead.*

So great was the response from local movie goers to last week's "Cinematic Truth" that the Crier assures you that this department will continue to function and function truthfully. In no manner are these notes to reflect on able Mr. Lyons, manager of the Carmel Theatre, who, after all, is not responsible for the sometimes "cheesy" programs handed him from the Monterey office. And as for indecency in pictures, it is not fair to blame all of it on the producers. Exhibitors, mistaking "sex" for "box office," demand tripe and usually get it. To our mind, Mr. Lyons is a manager of the highest type, and if he were allowed to choose his pictures, this column would not be necessary. Any child could attend a show of Mr. Lyons'. Unfortunately this is not the case and this week's movies must be tabulated as follows:

Pat Patterson in "Call It Luck" is good. John Boles in "Wild Gold" is sour. Joe E. Brown is fair, but sometimes suggestive in "The Circus Clown." Bette Davis in "Fog Over Frisco" is as dirty as fog can be. Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters" is not for childern or adults who care where they go. We welcome further letters from parents who agree with the Crier that the truth about "moving pictures" must be told. We also thank Mrs. M. B. Murphy for her kind letter praising this column.

—P. O'C.

London—It has now been definitely decided that George Arliss will play the Duke of Wellington in his first British picture, which will be made by Gaumont-British. Victor Saville, of "Good Companions" and "I Was A Spy" fame, will direct. Production starts August 20, at Shepherds Bush.

❀ ❀

Douglas Fairbanks has been working on two well-contrasted love scenes in "The Private Life of Don Juan." In the first he has to scale the mighty walls of the Castle of Alba to keep a tryst with a lovely lady whom he met at an inn. He climbs over her balcony and she smilingly admits him to her bedroom—and then proceeds to tell him that she invited him because she wanted to ask him to carry a letter to her fiancé, whom a cruel guardian forbids her to see!

Plaintively, Don Juan asks why she trusts him so much, and she replies that he reminds her of her father! After which the Don mournfully descends the castle walls in pouring rain.

In the second love scene, Don Juan visits the rooms of his wife (played by Benita Hume) after she has succeeded in disillusioning him and holding him up to ridicule, and implores her to let him return to her.

❀ ❀

Hollywood—Roger Pryor, Mae West's leading man in her new Paramount drama, "It Ain't No Sin," received a bulky package recently—on the morning when it was disclosed Mae's "tall, dark an' handsome" had gone in for gardening.

Opened, the box revealed a dozen plant bulbs, along with an unsigned note reading:

"I hope they come up some time."

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# Our Hollywood Letter

There is the familiar story of Warner Baxter, whom all the film studios rejected, and rejected regularly twice or three times a day, depending upon the mealtime Warner chose to apply for work. This went on for eighteen weeks. It was not a matter of a few weeks of disappointment, the wrong men contacted or the weather of the day that held him back from stardom. Baxter knew the ropes. He had had a long career of training on the stage and in the silent films. But they just would not let him talk.

An Arizona jack-rabbit took it into its head to leap in front of a speeding roadster one evening. This little leap catapulted Warner Baxter into film stardom, although he did not know it at the time, of course. Raoul Walsh, actor, was blinded in one eye as the result of the leap of the rabbit through the windshield of Walsh's car. Baxter happened to be in the vicinity when the call went out for a man to replace Walsh on the picture he was making and he got the part, ready-made. Now he has completed his second starring vehicle, the film version of "Grand Canary," which is shortly to be screened.

Then there was little "Pat" Patterson, demure British actress who happened to get a call at a British radio studio when a singer took ill. She sang one song just to fill the engagement and the rest of the hour was record music. But that song came through the receiver of one of the important picture producers of London. A call was made to the studio before Miss Patterson left and the next day she was in pictures. You will shortly see her starred here, with Herbert Mundin in "Call It Luck," which she can most readily do.

—ANNE OF HOLLYWOOD

❀ ❀

Hollywood—With the production of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" his latest Silly Symphony, Walt Disney turns from comedy to satire. Until now a producer of animation of famous fables and musical masterpieces, he is invading the field of mystery stories by a fitting start with this daddy of them all.

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# Byways from Highways

## ROAD TO GOD'S COUNTRY

A friendly road, that which leads through the Piney to the Arroyo Seco. After leaving the Carmel Valley and winding through the hills for some miles, instead of turning off to the right for Tassajara, you go straight ahead and keep on going, always with that feeling of being in friendly country. Few ranch houses, mighty few humans, but those golden hills and tawny fields are *muy simpatico*. In spring it is all a Paradise of flowers. Nothing spectacular until you reach the crest above Cahoons', where the vast semi-circle of suddenly glimpsed mountains remind you again and again of the Blue Ridge of Virginia.

You descend the grade gradually, and wind through more brownness reluctantly, wishing it were longer. You debouch quite unexpectedly and sharply upon the Arroyo Seco canyon, to which the adjective friendly cannot apply. Quite the contrary. But those jagged peaks, and high cliffs, the river winding far below, the strange beauty of them, bring you back, not once, but many times. It is not like anything else in California. The dry invigorating air, the stillness, the vivid colors on those cliffs and mountains at sunset—it is God's country.

You can return by another route if you like. Follow the Arroyo Seco to the Salinas valley. An excellent road, somewhat dusty in summer until you are out of the canyon. Soon you reach Soledad, and the familiar paved 101. But me, I prefer to travel townward, when I must, through golden hills again and brown fields. Let those who crave them follow the highways all cluttered up with cars.

—LUCIA SHEPHARDSON


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## HEIR O' THE DOG

*(Continued from page five)*

arms but his right hand was bleeding. As we retreated in a hurry I saw the sixth lion, chewing a carcass down by the creek. I looked again at Duncan's hand. Then *Dok* came out of the hut. He had a piece of Dunc's shirt sleeve in his mouth. He looked rather ashamed as he wiggled an apology for biting a friend of the Heir's.

"It's all right, fella," said Dunc, patting the pup, "neither of us knew which was a lion in that dark hut, did we?" *Dok* licked the hand he'd bit and rolled over on his back.

Back at the hacienda that night the great director of the African opus remarked after the manner of thwarted genius, "You know, if only that silly dog hadn't jumped into the hut after the baby, I could have used that sequence in my picture. But they don't have that type of dog in Africa, don't you know!"

What's the use? —P. O'C.

❀ ❀

One of the most widely-discussed films in the British picture theatre is "Blossom Time," which is now nearing completion at the Elstree studios, and will be seen in Canada within a month or two. In this, Richard Tauber, the famous Viennese tenor, will play the role of Schubert. Since coming to England, he has become something of an idol with the British public as a result of his concert and radio work, not to speak of his heavy sales of records.

❀ ❀

In order to discover truth, we must be truthful ourselves, and must welcome those who point out our errors as heartily as those who approve and confirm our discoveries. —Max Muller

❀ ❀

*Save censure—critics all are ready made.*
*A man must serve his time to every trade*

Vote for
J · E · Steinbeck
Incumbent
FOR COUNTY TREASURER

ANNA E. JOHNSON
Incumbent
*for*
*County Auditor*

Russell W. Giles
for
COUNTY TREASURER
Elect
A Monterey Peninsula Man

ELECT
GEO. D.
POLLOCK
District Attorney

ERNEST CANEPA
Candidate for
Constable

Vote for
Anthony Brazil
for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Vote for
"VIC" J.
BARLOGIO
for Coroner and Public Administrator

RE-ELECT
JAMES · G
FORCE
*Superintendent of Schools*
27 years continuous service as teacher, principal, superintendent in California schools

# Obiter Dicta

## IS WEALTH DANGEROUSLY CONCENTRATED IN AMERICA?

The question of whether wealth is dangerously concentrated in the hands of a few in America is a burning issue.

It is a difficult matter to determine because nobody knows, today, just how wealth is concentrated. And after all, do we know just what wealth is?

Since the debtor class is so largely the big industries which have borrowed money to run their businesses and have promised to pay by bond issues, and the creditor class is so largely made up of the thousands of small investors in life insurance policies, savings accounts, building and loan certificates, etc., etc., the devaluating of the dollar has shifted profits from small individual investors to large debtors and made a new alignment of wealth for which there are as yet no dependable figures. Millions of people are both creditors and debtors.

The dictionary defines wealth as well-being and that is something very difficult to appraise. Men struggle to get money only because they believe that money will bring well-being.

A man who fell overboard with a heavy money belt around his waist might find that his well-being consisted in getting rid of his money.

But for the purposes of this argument we will agree that wealth means the physical things that bring security, contentment, and opportunity to the citizens of a nation.

Danger does not lie so much in improper distribution as breakdown of confidence, integrity, and faith—factors that produce well-being whether it takes the form of physical things or things of the mind and spirit.

Until the attack began upon our American system, nobody questioned that we were the most prosperous, the most free from internal disorder and danger of external attack, of any nation on earth.

We had the largest number of children receiving free education and the most unhampered opportunity for everybody to rise to whatever heights his personal qualities permitted. Education and protection are our two largest public expenditures and those are distributed without favor to all of our citizens.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the right to vote, the right to have a hand in the making of laws under which we all must live, was denied to any but the few; and then it was thought that the ballot for all would be the supreme and ultimate benefit which men might claim.

We have secured the franchise after centuries of struggle, and yet we are now hearing that that is not enough to bring about well-being.

We are hearing that every man has a right to economic security—whether he has earned it or not, whether he is worthy or not, whether he is lazy or industrious, smart or stupid, honest or dishonest; that there must be "share and share alike," not in opportunity, but in *things*.

How this can be brought about is not made quite plain by those who demand it except to say, "The government should do it—somehow."

We might take a look at the picture of our national life as it stood at the beginning of the depression. Let us analyze the well-being that existed in this country at that time.

Our national income in 1929 was approximately 85 billion. Wages and salaries accounted for 52 billion; 12 billion went to agriculture; 10 billion to professional men's fees and sums paid out for personal service of various kinds; and only about 11 billion were paid out as a return on invested capital, and of this 11 billion dividends were distributed to millions of stockholders.

Many people do not realize that stockholders outnumber wage earners by a large margin, because so many wage earners are also stockholders.

There is no dangerous concentration of wealth which is spread out over such a large proportion of the people as these figures indicate.

But since statistics are always open to dispute and can be twisted to prove almost anything, let us look at some facts that nobody does dispute.

We have fed and sheltered at least two-thirds of our population for four years—people who have not added to the actual store of tangible wealth during that time. I refer to the army of the unemployed; to all those who live off public taxes, the officials, teachers, office holders of all sorts (and there are millions); and to all the other millions engaged in distribution rather than in actual production of tangible wealth.

As I say, we have taken care of these millions with a falling death rate. We hear about the "starving millions" but they have not literally starved. The public health has actually been better during this period. There has been enough wealth stored up here—stored up under the system that is now under attack—to do this stupendous thing.

We had the wealth to do this in spite of the fact that we paid for a war; that we lent, in private and public loans, billions of dollars abroad which we have not got back; in spite of the fact that we have spent more billions in luxuries—liquor, tobacco, chewing-gum, movies, cosmetics, gasoline—the list is endless.

Sixty per cent of our total production and consumption is rated as luxury—things that a hundred years ago were not dreamed of and which we *could* do without, or at least, things that our forefathers *did* do without.

And this is by no means all. We have enjoyed the luxury of sitting still and letting crime run our national bill up to—nobody knows how many billions.

And still we have had a surplus; and we plow under our crops and pay our farmers not to plant more—and we are not broke, as a nation.

We seem to feel that we can go on and on spending money.

As much was spent in relief last year as was earned in trade. We are prodigal in our use of money, and all of that money was accumulated under a system that operated by private initiative.

Nobody claims that there are not grave injustices and inequalities in its distribution; but the general average of well-being, the general standard of living in this country is the highest in the world; and to break down the system that has produced such results on the plea that the injustices exist is as foolish as smashing one's auto because a valve sticks—and then walk!

We in America have political democracy, one vote each, a "share and share alike" in political privilege and political responsibility. We have certain inalienable personal rights. They are listed in the Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments to the United States Constitution. In those rights we also "share and share alike."

Now we are told that that is not enough, that we must have economic democracy, a "share and share alike" in *goods*, in tangible benefits, in things!

Is it possible to bring this about? And if it is, what kind of force would have to be applied in order to do it?

—AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

*(To be continued next week)*

Watch for our beautiful Serra Festival Number next week. Dedicated to George F. Marion.